

**MR. SPEAKER!**

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

I HAVE sometimes wondered what a Positivist might be. After reading Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON's turbulent attack upon the SPEAKER, I know. A Positivist would seem to be a man who publishes violent assertions about subjects of which he is personally ignorant.

Mr. HARRISON, waking up to find Parliament prorogued, makes savage dash at retreating figure of SPEAKER, incidentally doubling up PRINCE ARTHUR. Of the latter he prophesies, "He will be remembered as the Minister who has dragged down the honour of Statesmen and the moral standard of public life to a depth which it (*sic*) has not reached since the times of SUNDERLAND or NEWCASTLE." Of the SPEAKER he shouts: "The Government secured his connivance in tricking, deceiving, degrading, and muzzling the House of Commons. He has sacrificed his character for fairness, and has betrayed the historic prestige of the Chair."

PRINCE ARTHUR may be left to defend himself if he thinks it worth while. Probably he won't. The SPEAKER is quite another matter. The traditions of his dignified, judicial office preclude his entering the arena of personal controversy. As far as House of Commons is concerned this is, in special circumstances of the case, of little consequence. Through ten long, occasionally troublous, Sessions it has daily, hourly, watched Mr. GULLY's conduct in the Chair, has had repeated occasion to recognise his absolute freedom not only from party bias—that happily is a matter of course in the Chair of the House of Commons—but from personal prejudice, a victory more triumphant when we remember some of the temptations individualism presents.

There is no public position more difficult to fill than that of the SPEAKER. The fierce light that beats upon the Throne is the nearest approach to the searching light, not always friendly in intent, that steadfastly beams on the SPEAKER's Chair. Its occupant's autocratic position adds immensely to his difficulties. On points of order or procedure his view is absolute. Decision on a knotty point may be, usually is, called for instant. There is no time for consulting authorities or nicely framing phrases. Straightway the SPEAKER must decide, knowing as he speaks that he is either sustaining, controverting, or creating precedent.

Through this ordeal Mr. GULLY has for ten years passed unscathed. Early in his official career he received the highest tribute the House of Commons could bestow. He was elected by a small party majority in April, 1895, and

**MR. AND MRS. JONES'S WALKING TOUR.**

(At the Shakespeare Hotel.)

Voice from the Office. "PORTER, TAKE THIS LADY AND GENTLEMAN TO THE ROMEO AND JULIET ROOM."

August of the same year saw the other side in office, in absolute control of succession to the Chair. Four months' experience had convinced the Unionist majority that in Mr. GULLY the House had found a man supremely qualified to maintain and enrich the high traditions of his stately office. He was, accordingly, unanimously elected, a compliment renewed when the next Parliament, still overwhelmingly Unionist

in its composition, met. This judgment has since been abundantly justified, never more strikingly and consistently than in the Session just closed. For Members of the House of Commons these things are truisms. But as a writer distinguished in his own field has gone out of his way deliriously to rampage through one he knows nothing about, they may as well be cried aloud in the streets.

## WOMEN I HAVE NEVER MARRIED.

V.

THOUGH I am not so young as then,  
I still remember rather well  
The first (and last) occasion when  
I disapproved of ASPHODEL;  
But so it is with love at sight  
That later on—some idle morning—  
In breaks a sudden stream of light  
Without the faintest previous warning.

We are so easily misled!  
I judged of her by outward looks  
As one who would not lose her head  
To heroes out of story-books;  
Her name, although a little rare,  
Lent me no hint that might alarm me,  
Nor could I guess her pensive air  
Concealed a passion for the Army.

It chanced, upon a dismal day,  
We studied photographic views,  
Mycenæ's walls—the Appian Way—  
The haunt of Umbria's famed recluse;  
Was it the cypress, lone and stark,  
Standing as sentry o'er Assisi,  
That wrung from her this raw remark:  
"Wouldn't you love to win the V.C.?"

Somehow it seemed in doubtful taste  
That, when I hoped her heart was stirred  
By thoughts of how St. FRANCIS traced  
Kinship with beast and flower and bird,  
Taming his flesh until it shone  
With a refined and ghostly pallor—  
She should invite opinions on  
A copper prize for carnal Valour!

I answered her. My tones were bland,  
And yet perhaps the words were hard;  
But anyone will understand  
About my feelings being jarred;  
I said, "Let nursery-maids adore  
A medal sewn on crude vermilion;  
I woo not such, nor ever soar  
To virtues other than civilian!"

(Mind you, I like the soldier-class,  
I count them modest, frank, and plain;  
In their companionship I pass  
Moments aloof from mental strain;  
But there's a courage which can be  
Tested without a bloody quarrel;  
This nobler kind occurs in me,  
And may be best described as "moral.")

Right through her frame a shudder ran,  
And I could read her nature clear,  
How she regarded every man  
As a potential Volunteer;  
Would urge me forth to take the field  
And say—I almost heard her shout it—  
"I'd sooner see you on your shield  
Than coming home unscathed without it!"

At this my thoughts went back to one  
Who from his wisdom dropped this pearl:  
*Should you propose to wed, my son,  
Beware the Guardsman type of girl!*  
'Twas Heaven revived that warning voice,  
And, as I closed our painful session,  
I knew that I had made the choice  
Of Valour's better part—Discretion!

O. S.

## THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER V.

*The White Rabbit finishes his Story.*

"I WILL not," began the White Rabbit, when his audience of two had duly assembled on the following morning, "I will not weary you with all the trifling details of my early existence. Some things, however, I must mention. On the day following my birth I was gazetted to the colonelcy of twenty-five regiments of the Sablonian Army, and at the same time I was appointed a Vice-Admiral *à la suite*—"

"What does that mean?" interrupted Rob.

"Something with sugar in it, stupid," said the Cat. "It's always given to babies. Good for teething, you know."

"My good fools," said the Rabbit testily, "is this story mine or yours? Am I to be permitted to get a word in edge-ways? What is the use of displaying your ignorance in this painful way?"

"Are we to answer all these questions together or separately?" asked Rob; "because if—"

"Pish," said the White Rabbit in a tone of contempt, "let me talk, can't you? *À la suite* is, as everyone of ordinary intelligence knows, the—ah—attribute or—ah—symbol of—mind, I'm forced into giving these explanations. I didn't *want* to humiliate anybody—the—ah—symbol of royalty transferred to military or naval rank. Have you grasped it? Well, then, we can get on. At the same time I was appointed Vice-Admiral *à la suite*" (he said this very emphatically) "in the Royal Sablonian Navy. I was thus from my infancy inured to the hardships and dangers both of a military and of a seafaring life, and in this manner I acquired the strength, the courage, and the dogged endurance which, at a later period, made my name a household word wherever the flag of Sablonia has been unfurled. Even now in this condition of impotent, red-eyed servitude I can think of those days, and my heart beats higher and the blood courses quicker through my veins when I recollect the clash of martial music, the howling of the tempests, the long and weary marches so patiently endured, the shipwrecks, the dreadful nights of bivouac, and the fierce death-dealing onset, while the blasts of the trumpets and the roll of the drums were drowned in frenzied shouts of victory. But tush—let me resume.

"My baptism was a ceremony of unparalleled magnificence, all my godfathers being Emperors or Kings. I received the names of PAUL ALEXANDER VICTOR ATHELSTAN HAROLD JOHN EDWARD—" "Half time!" said the Cat.

"If you interrupt me again," said the Rabbit, "I shall have the Court cleared. Understand that, both of you. This is not a time for small jokes of extremely doubtful relevance. I received, as I said, the names of PAUL ALEXANDER VICTOR ATHELSTAN HAROLD JOHN EDWARD HENRY LOUIS WILLIAM NICHOLAS FREDERICK CONSTANTINE AUGUSTUS, and everyone prophesied a glorious future for a babe so numerous named and so distinguished—if I may say so without conceit—in appearance.

"For a time all went well. My progress in the polite arts satisfied my instructors, my high spirits and my activity of body pleased my father, and the attentions lavished upon me by the ladies of the Court delighted, while they terrified, my mother. 'I know not,' she used to say, 'whence he derives his beauty and his powers of fascination. From his father's side it cannot be. I should be the last to deny the merits of the Royal House into which I have married, but among these merits I have never heard that beauty and fascination could be reckoned.'

"'Tis from your own most gracious Majesty's side, no doubt," said one of the courtiers.

"I suppose it is even so," said my mother, 'yet the King, my spouse, hesitates to recognise the fact.'

"Impossible," said the courtier, 'tis writ large upon the glorious child's face.'



"NEUTRALITY."

DAME EUROPE. "GLAD TO HEAR, JOHN, THAT YOU ARE NOT HARBOURING ANY OF THESE PUGILISTS ON YOUR PREMISES."  
CHINAMAN. "BLESS YOUR HEART, MA'AM, THEY'VE BEEN FIGHTING IN MY BACK GARDEN FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS!"



# THE GREAT EASTERN



THE GREAT EASTERN  
 STEAMSHIP CO.  
 LTD.

THE GREAT EASTERN STEAMSHIP CO. LTD. has the honor to announce that the following vessels will be running between Singapore and Hong Kong, and other ports, as follows:—



## COLD COMFORT.

Enthusiastic Young Poultry-breeder (to Jones, as turkey gobbler slowly bears down upon him). "IF YOU KEEP QUITE STILL, PERHAPS HE WON'T FLY AT YOU!"

"When I reached my sixteenth birthday I came of age. The event was to be celebrated with rejoicings throughout the kingdom, and my royal parents thought to invite to the feast all those who had attended the christening ceremony. And now, my friends, I reach the critical and afflicting part of my story. See on what trifles hang the destinies of nations or of individuals. The royal writing-desk at which my father conducted all the business of the State was a massive piece of furniture, plenteously provided with drawers and pigeon-holes, all duly labelled. It so happened that the drawer labelled 'Invitations' was immediately next to that labelled 'Declarations of War.' In a fit of absence of mind, for which, I know, he never forgave himself, my father, whose eyes, to be sure, were not what they had been, and who ought long since to have been wearing spectacles, opened the wrong drawer. He did not attempt to read the documents he took from it, but simply addressed them, handed them to the Seneschal to stamp and post, and thought no more about the matter. In less than a week Sablonia was at war with ten other nations! 'Doubtless,' said my father, 'it was a careless act of mine, but no King of Sablonia ever yet withdrew or explained. 'Tis against the traditions and the dignity of this Royal House. Let them,' he added with that mixture of *bonhomie* and dignity that suited him so well, 'all come. Sablonia is large enough to give them graves, and now,

gentlemen'—he was addressing his Ministers and Generals—'let us to supper.' In this undaunted spirit the great conflict was begun.

"Amongst those against whom war was thus declared was, as you will have guessed, my uncle the King of Plagiorosa, and to me was assigned the command of the army opposed to him. Alas, both my father and mother had forgotten, or they remembered too late, the fateful warning received before my birth.

"Let me hurry over the intervening events and come to the last dreadful scene. It was I who led the charge against the fort which the Plagiorosans had defended with desperate valour during a week of slaughter. I reached the fosse and leapt over it, I scaled the steep escarpment, I mounted the parapet and found before me the King, my uncle, surrounded by the remnants of his guard. Shouting the battle cry of 'Sablonia victrix' I dashed at him and plunged my reeking sword again and again into his body. With one wild gasp he fell to the ground dead, and I—well, you can realise the rest for yourselves. I woke from the unconsciousness into which I had been plunged by a random blow and found myself a White Rabbit behind these bars."

Here the Rabbit paused. "I linger here," he resumed, "till the love of a maiden shall release me."

"Then you'll have to linger a long time," said the Cat.

## IT GOES TOO SWIMMINGLY.

A COMEDY OF NATATION.

SCENE.—A lonely part of the beach, near Dover. A man in a bathing costume is just about to enter the sea, when he is stopped by the cries of a stranger, who runs to him and seizes his arm.

Stranger. What are you doing?

Natator. I was just going for a swim.

Stranger. A real swim?

Natator. Yes, of course.

Stranger. You really can swim? No larks.

Natator. Certainly. To be frank, I was just about to swim to France.

Stranger. To France! It was what I was dreading. How lucky I came in time!

Natator. Why lucky?

Stranger. To stop you. You mustn't swim to France like that. It will never do. Swimming to France is a serious business. How very fortunate I came! Why, you might have got there.

Natator. I hope I should. In fact I have no doubt about it.

Stranger. But, my dear Sir, you are a child in these matters. Don't you know that the one thing a Channel swimmer must not do is to reach France? Anything—everything—but that. At least, not the first time. And how can you attempt such a feat all alone like this? It's the most selfish thing I ever heard of.

Natator. Selfish?

Stranger. Certainly. Isn't something due to Dover? Isn't the public to participate? Are no newspapers in need of copy? No pilots pining for work? No doctors requiring an advertisement? Selfish? I should think so!

Natator. But it's no affair of anyone else. If I want to swim to France, why shouldn't I?

Stranger. Oh, don't ask me for particulars. All I say is, It isn't done. There is an etiquette in these matters just as in everything else, and we expect people to conform. Have you told anyone you were going to swim to France?

Natator. No, I don't think so. The last time I did it, nobody knew.

Stranger. The last time! Great Heavens, man, what do you mean?

Natator. Why, I did it last year.

Stranger. And nobody knew?

Natator. No, I don't think so.

Stranger. Oh, well, for goodness' sake go on keeping the secret. If it ever leaked out it would ruin your future prospects as a swimmer. To think that you reached France!—What a terrible thing! At any rate there must be no more of it. Henceforward I make myself responsible for you. I almost wish you couldn't swim: the boom would last longer then; but we must do what we can. We must find an editor at once.

Natator. An editor!

Stranger. Of course. No self-respecting swimmer would attempt the Channel unsupported by a newspaper. Surely you know that!

Natator. It had not occurred to me.

Stranger. Certainly, we must find an editor. One of the halfpenny ones, for choice. Or I don't think the *Times* has a champion yet; we might try there.

Natator. And what is the next step?

Stranger. After the editor, a doctor.

Natator. But I'm not ill.

Stranger. No, but you will need special diet, and this is prepared by a doctor.

Natator. Why mayn't I do what I did before?

Stranger. "Before"? I implore you not to use that word. Don't refer to those unfortunate earlier experiences. Henceforward you must be scientific. We will get a doctor. But I will meet you to this extent: your diet shall be "a dark secret." The public would prefer to know, but something perhaps is due to your own feelings.

Natator. And what has the public to do with it?

Stranger. Everything. Swimming the Channel is a public feat. It belongs to the public as much as Hampstead Heath does.

Natator. But I want to continue to swim the Channel as a private individual.

Stranger. Don't say "continue"! Please don't. It can't be done privately. Such a thing was never heard of.

Natator. Very well, then; what comes after the doctor?

Stranger. A pilot.

Natator. What does he do?

Stranger. He meets the other pilots, at what are known as informal board meetings, and they all mark out your chart.

Natator. But suppose I prefer another route.

Stranger. It is no good. You must obey your pilot. He knows best.

Natator. Very likely he can't even swim.

Stranger. No pilot can swim; but he knows best.

Natator. And after the pilot?

Stranger. A tug.

Natator. A whole tug?

Stranger. Yes. Perhaps two. And boats, filled with friends, to put off when you have the cramp, or want more food, or think of a message for your editor.

Natator. Anything else?

Stranger. Yes, a band to play cheering airs through the dark night, and an acetylene man to work the search-light, and a gramophone expert.

Natator. It all sounds very expensive. Stranger. That's not your affair. We shall make the editor pay for that. But I am going much too fast. I have been

talking as if swimming the Channel were the thing. Preparing to swim the Channel is the thing. Swimming the Channel is a matter of a few hours; preparing to swim it takes months.

Natator. Not with me.

Stranger. You will want an hotel. Not an ordinary hotel. An hotel with a courtyard, where you can swing your hammer, or indulge in whatever form of training you fancy—and I should advise you to hit upon a novel one.

Natator. I am in perfect condition now.

Stranger. Immaterial. You must train, and you must have novelty. Why not crawl from the "Lord Warden" to the Castle every morning at nine, on your hands and knees? That would be very popular. You could hardly fail to be first favourite if you did that.

Natator. How long would the training last?

Stranger. Several months. Now and then you might enter the sea, but not too often. A public swimmer's true place is on land.

Natator. And where do you come in?

Stranger. I? Oh, I have considerable interest in these matters. I am Chairman of the Society for adding to the Popularity of Dover.

Natator. Well, you have been very entertaining, but I must go now.

[Plunges into the sea.]

Stranger (in an agony). Where are you going? Where are you going?

Natator (from the water). To France.

[Swims to France.]

Stranger. Madman! Dolt!

[Returns to Dover.]

## SPECULATIVE ARCHÆOLOGY.

[“An object which is thought to have been used as a magnifying glass by the Vikings has been engaging the attention of the German Society of Anthropologists at the Stockholm Historical Museum.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]

A CURIOUS relic, supposed to have been HANNIBAL'S toothcomb when he crossed the Alps, is now being exhibited at the Museum of the Scalpine Club in the Barberini Palace.

A tattered strip of textile fabric has been presented by Dr. KABBADIAS to the British School at Athens, where its identification as a pair of Jason's Argosy braces is being eagerly maintained by the students.

A cylindrical stoppered case, which Mr. SIDNEY LEE thinks may once have been ANNE HATHAWAY'S footwarmer, has recently been the subject of an address delivered before the Stratford-on-Avon Palæontological Association by Dr. FURNIVALL.

Some brittle fragments, supposed to be the remains of the shell of COLUMBUS'S egg, have recently been discovered in the Alhambra, and are being carefully





# THE HUMOURS OF HOUSE HUNTING.

Lady. "VERY BEAUTY PLACE, IS IT? HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHAT THE DEATH-RATE IS HERE?"  
 Cavetabler. "WELL, NOW, I CAN'T 'LACTLY SAY; BUT IT'S ABOUT ONE APEICE ALL AROUND."

9.07.1004

examined by the Committee of the Amalgamated Boiler Makers Union of Saragossa.

A quaint metal tube, believed to have been the bicycle pump of TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS, has recently excited much interest at a *conversazione* of the Antiquarian Odd Fellows of Pozzuoli.

### ECHOES OF THE BRITISH ASS.

By the kindness of a Cambridge correspondent *Mr. Punch* is enabled to set before his readers a full account of the concluding proceedings in the Physiological Section, which were unaccountably omitted from the reports in the daily papers.

#### SECTION P.—PHYSIOLOGY.

The President of the Section is Professor TRUEFIT, who delivered a highly interesting address on the subject of "The Physiological Interaction of Capillary Splanchnics." Deviating from the orthodox theory of the cryptoconchoid convergence of the neuroblastic hexones, Professor TRUEFIT sketched in outline his own alternative theory, and concluded with the following luminous summary of his position:—

"The reflex arcs (of the pianistic system) converge in their course so as to impinge upon kinks possessed by whole varied groups of individuals in common. These kinks are responsive in various rhythm and intensity, but are relatively unfatigable, their activity varying in harmonic progression and in a subfusc ratio with the use of the loud pedal and the *tempo rubato*. The animal mechanism is thus given solidarity by this principle, which for each effect or organ allows and regulates interchange of the artist playing upon it, a principle I would briefly term that of 'the inter-combustion of trypsinogenous splanchnics about their common efferent-root neurone.'"

Professor HUGO GÖRLITZ, in the course of the ensuing discussion, described the results on the capillary system of a highly sensitive pianolist of the administration of the hexone base arginin both by subcutaneous and intravenous injection. The effect on the cinnic nuclei or bostrychs—which Professor TRUEFIT called "kinks"—was instantaneous and extraordinary, causing them to project at right angles to the occiput in a fulvous penumbra, to the delight of the spectators, thus endorsing PAVLOVSKY's view that an aplonatic surface contained *n foci*.

Professor HAMILTON HARTY, continuing the discussion, differed from the view propounded by the last speaker that the efficiency of the pianolic product varied directly with the development of the

cinnic nuclei. On the contrary he argued that greater efficiency was secured by their elimination, inasmuch as it was a matter of common knowledge that in moments of intense excitement pianolists had become entangled in the vortex whorls of their own bostrychs to the obvious prejudice of a fresh and synoptic interpretation.

Professor ENRICO UCCELLO, who concurred with the previous speaker, deprecated the elimination of the pogonic bostrychs, which often acted as a most salutary antidote where cranial phalacroma had declared itself. It was true that eels were remarkably sensitive to electric currents, a responsive fin-movement of a reflex nature being readily elicited. But the two cases were emphatically not on all fours, though ignorant persons still believed in the transformation of horse-hairs into eels.

Professor FLORIZEL VECSEY, who spoke in Magyar, said that some recent experiments of his proved that in a chloroformed melomaniac the admixture of alcohol with the chloroform led to an increased capillary virtuosity with a corresponding rise in the patient's salarific capacity. Still he remained sceptical as to the deleterious effects of cranial or even occipital phalacroma. The case of the Tibetans showed that the most luxuriant capillary splanchnics might coexist with a deplorably catabolic condition of the melo-mimetic muscle-spindles.

Dr. KENNERLY RUMFORD, F.R.S., created some surprise by boldly declaring his inability to differentiate between trypsinogen and trypsin, and vehemently assailing SAUER's theory of the instability of the biogen molecule. He himself was neither a bostrychophil nor a bostrychophobe, but he cordially endorsed the view of the last speaker as to the impossibility of utilising the phalacromatic scale in symphonic variations.

Professor SIEGFRIED SCHULZ-CURTIS, speaking in English, was understood to condemn Professor RUMFORD's Erastian attitude as unworthy of his antecedents and his *testitura*.

Professor LEONARD BORWICK, in proposing a vote of thanks to the President, referred in glowing terms to the splendid exertions of Professor TRUEFIT in enucleating the pigmentation of the capillary pandects, culminating in the magnificent theory he had just promulgated. It was impossible to forecast its effect on the manipulation of SPOTSTROKE's barless Xylophone. The motion was seconded by Professor ENEZEZER PROUT, and carried with acclamation.

[On another page appears a list of the papers which were crowded out at the British Association.]

### THE CLASSICS VINDICATED.

[According to the *Tramway and Railway World*, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is endeavouring to secure students as conductors and motor men. The experts can break them in with less trouble and in a shorter time than it takes to instruct other applicants for the work; and next year the Company hope to have over 1000 men of University training in their service.]

It was once the ruling fashion  
To regard a classic bent  
As an evil kind of passion,  
Branding men incompetent;  
People thought the foolish scholar  
With his useless *ó, ñ, ró*  
Wouldn't fetch a single dollar  
When the world began to go.

But at last opinions vary,  
And the scoffers cease to mock  
At the virtues of *amare*  
And the points of *hic, hæc, hoc*.  
There are humanising forces  
Which, it seems, can only come  
From those ancient classic sources  
Which the fresher calls *Lit. Hum.*

Not completely vain is knowledge,  
Nor a literary taste;  
Nor are all your years at College  
Absolutely wanton waste.  
Latin verses have a virtue  
Which no other study knows,  
And it will not greatly hurt you  
If you even write Greek prose.

Things like these are now admitted  
Not entirely false and vain,  
And the scholar is acquitted  
Of a total want of brain;  
Even Balliol and New men  
Who have burnt the midnight oil  
May be equal in acumen  
To the horny son of toil.

Neither in the point of morals  
Need the Porson Prizeman come  
Far behind the tramp who quarrels  
With his neighbours in the slum.  
Little pilferings disgust him,  
And, without appearing rash,  
You are fairly safe to trust him  
With a little petty cash.

Therefore, when the tutors bore you,  
When you shudder as you see  
Years of labour stretch before you  
Ere attaining your degree,  
Sons of Isis, perseverance!  
There is hope, O sons of Cam,  
Still of making your appearance  
On the tail-board of a tram!

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.—The report of a cricket match in the *Newcastle Evening Chronicle* says, "The weather was dull and threatening, and a considerable amount of rain fell in the neighbourhood, without, however, touching the ground."



## CHARIVARIA.

It is untrue that we have decided to take no action in regard to the seizure and molestation of our shipping by Russian cruisers. We intend to be quite firm about calling the Russians "Pirates" in our newspapers—and serve them jolly well right.

The DALAI LAMA is now having trouble with some of his warriors, who insist on being paid, and he is said to be in communication with the Sultan of Turkey to ascertain how he manages in similar circumstances.

"Safety from fire must be the chief characteristic of the ideal theatre," Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS has told an *Express* interviewer. This may explain, but does not excuse, the minor importance attached to the quality of our plays.

"Should actresses marry?" is the silly-season topic now agitating New York. The *naïveté* of the question is amusing. How else could they get divorced?

Paris is much intrigued by the infatuation of a rich and beautiful lady for MARCELINE, the Hippodrome clown. We see nothing remarkable in this. Not so long ago a lady fell in love with a writer of humorous paragraphs.

Frenchmen are usually so polite that we are surprised that M. YVES GUYOT should have read a paper to the British Association in the presence of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's friend, Mr. BALFOUR, proving that Protection is an evil in France.

The sale of the Marquis of ANGLESEY's effects continues, and his 130 walking-sticks and umbrellas will shortly be offered to the public. We understand that the stick with a donkey on the handle is to be bought in.

No inquiry is to be held by the Board of Trade into the alleged racing between the *Koh-i-noor* and the *Yarmouth Belle*. *Vive le Sport!*

While watching a performance at the Crown Theatre, Peckham, a youth fell from the gallery into the stalls. He felt uncomfortable there, as he was not dressed for that part of the house.

Close upon the statement that a Tottenham shopkeeper, in testing a half-sovereign, bit it in two, comes a report that, at a meeting of the Leighton Buzzard guardians, one of the work-house officials, a vegetarian, asked if she could have money in lieu of meat.



## IN THE SAME BOAT.

"I DON'T THINK SHE'S PRETTY."

"NEITHER DO I." (After a pause) "DID SHE REFUSE YOU TOO?"

Horrible details of barbarous floggings, suicides, and falls from masts in the British Navy have been supplied to Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P. Our sympathy is all with the dupe.

Owing to the amount of attention it pays to motor-cars the Guilford Watch Committee is to be known as the Stop Watch Committee.

Never was there such an epidemic of boating accidents as this season. Two more Russian destroyers have fouled mines.

Attention was drawn by Sir R. CONDY, at the meeting of the British Association, to the fact that fleas are often disease-carriers, and it is thought that this may

put a stop to their being kept as domestic pets.

It is semi-officially announced that the black cat which was locked up in a deserted sweetstuff shop in High Holborn has been released.

## New Police Song.

I SHOOT Broad Arrows into the air,  
They fall and stick, I don't mind where.

WARNING TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Mr. Punch desires herewith to give fair notice that, as soon as the number of contributions containing the original joke, "Togo or not Togo," reaches a total of 1001, he will publish that *jeu d'esprit*.



*Genial Old Gentleman.* "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOURSELF PRETTY CLEVER, EH?"  
*Little Man.* "YES. BUT I DON'T THINK MYSELF SO CLEVER AS I REALLY AM!"

#### TO A MOSQUITO.

DEBARRED the blood of politicians by  
 An editor's inexorable fiat;  
 With wells of inspiration running dry,  
 And badly needing somebody to shy at,  
 I turn to thee, small scion of the jungle,  
 Of thee, elusive beast, this peaceful tongue'll  
 Make discourse in a mournful threnody.

The air is balmy and the setting sun  
 Invites repose, when lo! thy puny trumpet  
 Informs mine ear that thou hast now begun  
 Thy evening operations on my crummet;  
 From one to other of my classic features  
 Thou gambolest, O least of little creatures,  
 Then comes a pause, and lo! the thing is done!

And thou art vanished into empty space:  
 In vain to paw the palpitating air;  
 Still more in vain to slap the injured place,  
 In hopes to crush thee: thou art never there.  
 Securely cached in some adjacent cranny  
 Thou smilest on thy labours so uncanny,  
 And whettest thy proboscis for the chase.

A sudden swoop: an answering scream of pain:  
 And lo! a strong man writhing on the ground,  
 Telling, in language fearfully profane,  
 What fate awaits thee, miscreant, when found.  
 And thou dost hear with ill-concealed elation  
 The tortured victim's yells of execration,  
 And sallying forth dost bite the man again.

The middle-aged, whose depilated crust  
 Has long been reft of Nature's crowning glory,  
 Eye thy performances with frank disgust,  
 And speak of thee in terms profoundly gory;  
 And when they hear thy reedy 'vox humana',  
 They swathe their apex in a blue bandana,  
 Intent to dodge thy weapon's frantic thrust.

And solid matrons, whom "those horrid flies"  
 Have rendered more than usually fussy,  
 As soon as thou appearest to their eyes  
 Scatter before thee, screaming "Lawk a mussy."  
 He only whose intrepid hide is tougher  
 Than pelt of hippopotam thou dost suffer  
 To 'scape the dire effects of thine emprise.

The king his crown, the nobleman his crest  
 Alike thou pinkest with thy rapid passes;  
 With equal appetite thou dost infest  
 The shrinking top-knots of the middle classes.  
 One comfort only have we: to remember  
 How summer wanes anon, and cool September  
 Will shortly wipe thee out, insidious pest!

MR. CRESER, F.R.C.O., Mus. D. (Oxon.), has been visiting Winnipeg with the idea of establishing a centre for the holding of examinations in connection with Trinity College of Music, London, Eng. No doubt before now he has conducted the horns among other orchestral instruments, but this hardly justifies a Winnipeg newspaper in describing him as a "musical director of Oxen."



Bernard Partridge

### A NATIONAL NEED.

POLICEMAN X. "'COURT O' CRIMINAL APPEAL'? YOU'VE GOT THE 'OME OFFICE 'ERE. WOT MORE DO YOU WANT?"

JUSTICE. "I'VE TRIED THAT."

POLICEMAN X. "WELL, THERE AIN'T NO OTHER. PASS ALONG, PLEASE."





A NATIONAL NEED

THE NATIONAL NEED is a book which contains a full and complete description of the National Need, and is a most valuable work for every one who is interested in the subject. It is published by the National Association, and is sold by all the leading bookstores. The price is \$1.00 per copy, and it is sent by mail on receipt of the price.

## THE POLITICAL ROMANCE.

["War is not without its influence even upon literature . . . . At this moment the most popular form of fiction is the romance of political adventure . . . . with a preference for those of which the scene is laid in Russia." —*Daily Press*.]

ACTING upon this timely notice the Editor at once wired to a deservedly popular author requesting him to furnish immediately a serial on the above lines. The first instalment (given below) arrived by return of post, with an intimation that the remainder would follow by the next delivery, and that cheques should be made payable to the Express Fiction Company, London. We append the instalment, and invite the verdict of our readers as to its continuance.

### PROLOGUE.

A reception was in progress at the house of His Excellency the Muscovite Ambassador to the Court of St. James. At midnight the crush was overpowering, and as a consequence the magnificent salons were almost uncomfortably crowded with Princes, Diplomats, Adventuresses, and a sprinkling of elderly noblemen, who provided the appropriate comic relief to an atmosphere already opaque with intrigue and sentiment.

Leaning idly against a marble pillar, the tall figure of Sir JOHN BULLENER, Bart., surveyed the dazzling scene with eyes that seemed almost contemptuously indifferent to the splendour that surrounded him. An idle man this, you would say, one of the spoilt children of fortune, whom it would be difficult to stir from his habitual lethargy. Perhaps, but it may be also that very little in life escaped the scrutiny of those listless eyes, and perhaps too their owner, once roused, was one who could be relied upon for as many adventures as will go to a page octavo.

Presently a familiar voice at his elbow attracted his attention. He knew that there was but one man in Europe who habitually addressed himself to the elbows of his acquaintance, and turning he saw beside him a figure with iron-grey hair, and a general resemblance to the late Prince BISMARCK, who wore over his faultless evening dress the glittering Order of the Adelpi.

"You here, *mon ami*?" said Count CATCHEMOFF, extending one transparent hand to the Baronet; "Petersburg is indeed honoured!"

Like all well-bred Russians of political romance, he spoke in French. If you are a Frenchman in these circles you speak Russian, while if you are an Englishman you generally say nothing at all, but are either "taciturn" or "a man of few words."

"Come," he inquired lightly, "is



### THE RETURN INVITATION.

"PLEASE, MRS. SUBBURN, MAMMA SAYS SHE'LL BE GLAD IF YOU'LL COME TO TEA ON MONDAY."

"WITH PLEASURE, BESSIE. TELL YOUR MOTHER IT'S REALLY TOO KIND——"

"OH, NO! MAMMA SAYS SHE'LL BE GLAD WHEN IT'S OVER."

there anyone to whom you desire an introduction? Yonder by the window is the Baroness DINAH MITA, the most dangerous woman in Europe; the bearded man beside her is the Vicomte BOW-BELLS, whose gambling propensities have ruined three Empires; the tall girl on his right is——"

"Tell me, Count," interposed the Englishman, "how it is that you know everyone?"

The Russian slightly shrugged his shoulders. "*Eh bien!*" he replied, "perhaps it is my business to know everyone. Besides," he added cynically, "after all, there must be someone to explain to our host who his guests are."

At that moment a young girl, enchantingly robed, passed them, leaning on the arm of a be-ribboned diplomat, with whom she appeared to be in animated conversation. Her beauty was of that superbly indefinite variety which appeals most strongly to the circulating library, and her lovely eyes rested upon those of JOHN BULLENER with an expression at once defiant and appealing.

"And she——?" he inquired nonchalantly, as the couple passed into the further salon.

The Russian paused for a moment before replying.

"That, my friend," he said slowly, "is Her Serene Highness the Princess

BOMBA, only daughter of Prince NITRO GLYCERINSKI."

And after a moment he added, as though to himself, "Without the sun there would be no avalanches, but the cheapest treacle catches the largest wasp!"

#### CHAPTER I.

Anyone acquainted with his political Europe will be familiar with the fact that a man walking up the Whatso-clockski Prospekt on the left-hand side as you come from the river and counting thirteen lamp-posts beyond the second milestone, finds himself immediately opposite to the wine-shop of NICHOLAS VECCHIO, or "Old Nick," as he is popularly called. It would appear at all events that Sir JOHN BULLENER was sufficiently intimate with the locality, for having reached the door he knocked thrice with no uncertain hand and then, extending himself at full length upon the pavement, awaited the advent of the proprietor much as you have seen clown do in the pantomime. Not for nothing had JOHN BULLENER appeared in half the political novels on MUDIE'S Index.

Slowly the dusk began to fall, obscuring the brilliant local colour of the scene. A *samovar* passed him at a brisk gallop, its occupants half buried in furs, the horses foaming madly and rattling their bells. Through the lighted windows of many of the houses he could see the inmates preparing their evening *kremlin* or soup. It appealed to him as an omen that they also were pot-boilers. Waiting thus he asked himself, as he proposed to do on every page of the book, what would be the end of his strange mission, and not only that, but how it was to be spun out meantime. Again he went over every detail of his meeting with BOMBA in London, and recalled the parting words of Count CATCHEMOFF when he had called to bid him farewell.

"My friend," the old man had said earnestly, "no amount of milk in the coconut will divert the aim of the excursionist, but a bald-headed eagle is seldom caged in a hen-coop."

Perhaps it would have been well for him had he taken the obvious warning!

(To be continued.—AUTHOR.)

(I doubt it.—ED.)

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRITTEN AT ZERMATT. —On the back of the business card of a Zermatt shoemaker is the following notice:—

"PAY ATTENTION TO THIS Visitors are kindly invited to brought your boots self to the schoemaker, then they are frequently nagled by the Portier and that is very dammageable for boots and kosts the same price."

CHROMER'S NEW TITLE.—The Garden of Slip.

### REVIVAL OF NATIVE GRAND OPERA.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Always on the lookout for long-felt wants, I have noticed signs of public feeling on the subject of English Opera. If England wants opera, I am the man to supply it. Please find enclosed certain samples.

Your obedient servant,

HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

#### I.—MY MEDICAL OPERA.

The opening scene of the drama is laid on the terrace in front of the ancestral castle of his Grace the Duke of PENGEE. As the curtain rises, the entire domestic staff of the castle, together with all the gardeners but one, and a number of guests, are discovered singing, having evidently suspended work *en masse* for the purpose. The subject of their song is the missing gardener. Why has he not joined their merry throng? Once his reedy tenor was the mainstay of these choral celebrations. Now he walks apart, moody and silent. They repeat—why is it? But soft—he comes. "Tis he—young RUPERT. But why so sad?" He bursts into song:

My friends, there are maids and to spare  
On the face of this globular planet,

But none are so neat, so astoundingly sweet,

As his Grace's fair child Lady JANET.

And I love her. Nay more, she loves me.

To some it may scarce appear seemly.  
It's presumption, alas! in a man of my class,

Still, we worship each other extremely.

And if Marquis or Earl drop a card on her,

She feels that their rank has but jarred on her;

From the earliest date  
She has known that her fate

Is to marry a poor under-gardener.  
And I trust that you will not be hard on her

For loving a poor under-gardener;  
My face and my form

Simply took her by storm;  
She couldn't resist me. So pardon her.

After which he goes on to explain that marriage is at present impossible, owing to the fact that the Duke, if he knew, would disapprove. Hence his melancholy. The Duke and the Duchess, accompanied by their deliriously beautiful daughter, now appear, and after some spirited dialogue go off (L), Lady JANET remaining to join RUPERT in a duet, which is overheard by the villain of the piece, one Lord JASPER MURGLESRAW, a most unpleasant man. As he himself is a suitor for the hand of Lady JANET, the duet, couched as it is in the most impassioned terms, has no small signifi-

cance for him. RUPERT now goes off (R) to resume his horticultural duties, and JANET renders a sentimental number. Re-enter Lord JASPER. He reveals the fact that he has overheard all, but promises, on condition that JANET will accept his bi-weekly proposal of marriage (now due), not to let the matter go any further. Otherwise, he says, conscience will compel him to reveal everything to the Duke. Dared to do so by JANET, he obligingly gives her away in a vindictive solo. RUPERT, returning at this juncture, clasps JANET to his bosom, and prepares for the worst. The worst happens. The Duchess begins to sing:

Oh, man of spuds and flowers,

With thoughts your rank above,

Why waste your working hours

In hopeless dreams of love?

In vain within the minster

His book the vicar scans.

To you my child's a spinster,

For I forbid the banns.

To which RUPERT—

Nay, pardon us, your Graces,

'Twere idle to deny

We should have known our places,

Her ladyship and I.

A gardener of gumption

Should fly at lowlier game;

Still, pardon my presumption,

And bless us all the same.

Then the Duke has his say:

I think on due reflection,

Considering who you are,

You let your young affection

Go very much too far.

The salient point to touch on,

Your blood is far from blue;

'Twould tarnish our escutcheon

Were she to marry you.

All is apparently over, when JANET puts the matter from her point of view:

Nay, father, hear your daughter.

Your heart, I'm much afraid,

Of bricks and stone and mortar

Must certainly be made.

Love is the only mentor

On whose advice I lean.

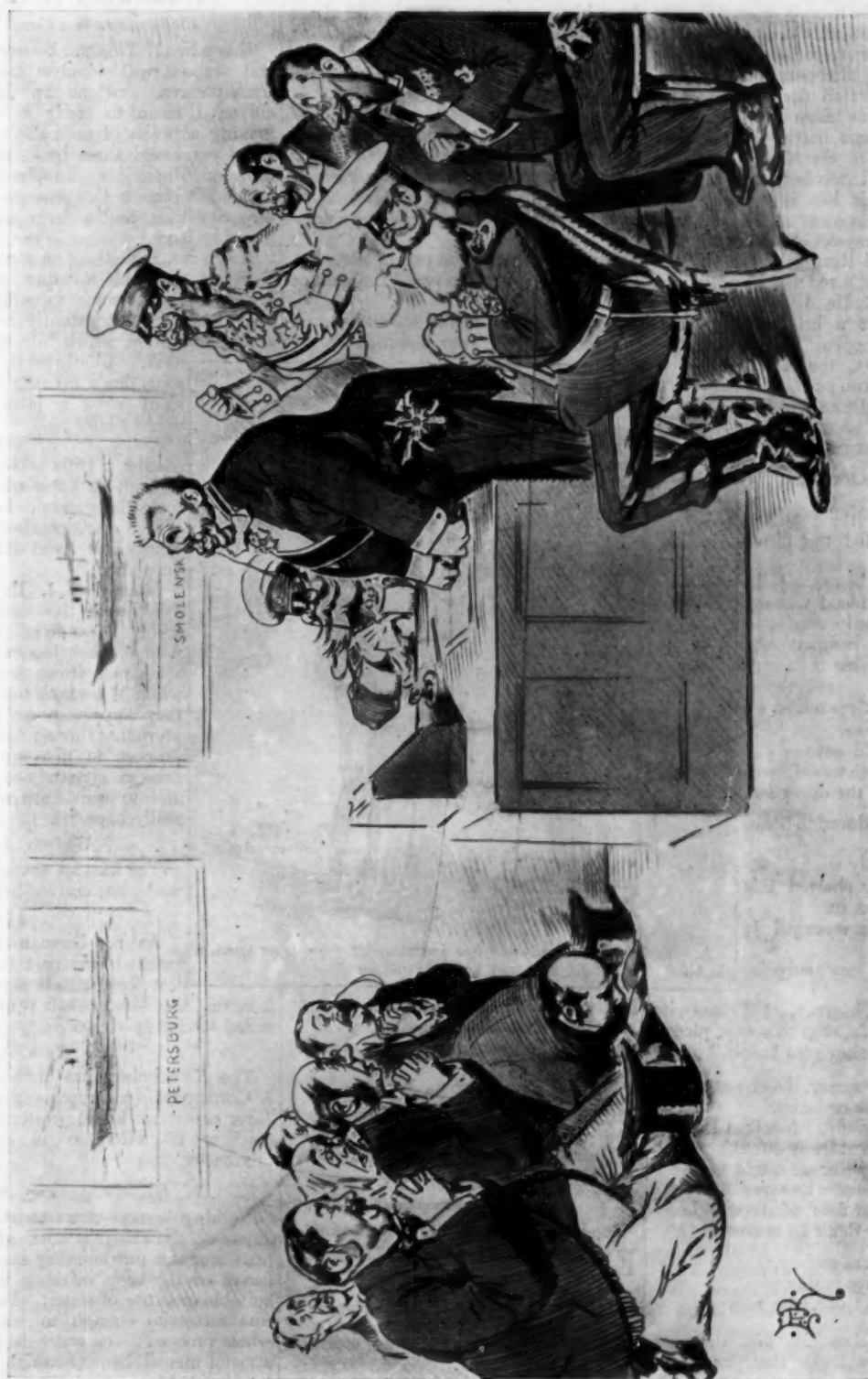
You give us your consent or

I'm off to Gretna Green.

A scene of indescribable confusion follows. Everybody present sings the melody, choosing his or her own words. JANET is extracted from RUPERT'S arms, and retreats in disgrace, and at the most interesting point of the whole discussion the curtain falls. End of Act One.

Act Two takes place in the drawing-room of the Duke's Park Lane residence. RUPERT, it appears, received a month's pay in lieu of warning at an early date of the proceedings, and vanished with it into the unknown, while JASPER is engaged to JANET, and the wedding is to





### UNRECORDED HISTORY; OR, WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

NOT BEING COMPLETELY REASSURED BY MR. BALFOUR'S STATEMENT, BUT STILL FEELING A LITTLE SCARED, A SMALL BUT PERSISTENT DEPUTATION OF BRITISH SHIPOWNEERS VISITS ST. PETERSBURG AND THROWS ITSELF ON THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE MINISTER IN CHARGE.

be celebrated within a week. A knocking is heard at the front door, and shortly afterwards a gentleman is announced.

And now we come to the more strictly medical part of the opera. The gentleman is a celebrated doctor. It seems that the Duke has fallen ill. A habit of drinking only one bottle of port after dinner, instead of the three prescribed by his medical adviser, has induced anæmia, and his life is despaired of. But at the last moment a distinguished-looking but mysterious stranger is shown in. It is RUPERT, disguised in a pasteboard nose, a red beard, and large blue spectacles. He desires to see the Duke. There is a brief interval, and then the door opens once more, and RUPERT re-enters, the Duke leaning on his arm, practically recovered. The Duke explains his remarkable recovery in the following song:—

Just now the doctors gave me up,

I was so very ill;  
In vain I quaffed the bitter cup,

And gulped the azure pill.  
Transfusion of blood was my only hope!

I sighed with resignation;  
For I couldn't see who was likely to  
Submit to the operation.

*Chorus.*

No, he could not see  
Who on earth would agree  
To submit to the operation.

My frame was reduced to bones  
and skin,

I felt extremely weak,  
And when they showed this gentleman in

I hadn't the strength to speak.  
Consider then my surprise  
and joy,

When I heard him say, "I'll chance it;  
Ye shrewd M.D.'s, step this way, please,  
And kindly bring your lancet."

With a fortitude rarely, if e'er, surpassed,

The process he endured,  
Till, to put it briefly, I found at last  
That I was completely cured.

And, by the way (for we ought to pay  
Rewards to those who serve us),  
Come, name your fee: whatever it be,  
I'll grant it: don't be nervous.

*Chorus.* All fears eschew,  
Your fee is due,  
So ask it: don't be nervous.

RUPERT snatches off his disguise, explains to the Duke that, owing to lucky ventures on the Stock Exchange, he is now a wealthy man, points out that as the same blood runs in their

veins they are practically equals, obtains from him a courteous consent, and clasps JANET to his bosom. JASPER, re-entering at the moment, recoils in anguish, and marries a housemaid. *Finale*, rendered by the Duke:

Go, ring the bells of the local church

In a rollicking sort of way.

For the nearest clergyman up and search,  
He shall marry you off to-day.

Yes, as soon as he can shall the clergyman

Proceed to make you one in law.

It's settled quite. (*To rest*) The gent on my right

Is my excellent future son-in-law.

*Chorus (amazed).* Your son-in-law?



Bengali Babu (to friend who has just returned from leave spent in the hills). "Oh, MAN! HOW ROBY YOU ARE LOOKING!"

*Duke (decidedly).* My son-in-law!

My excellent future son-in-law.

And I'd like to suggest that he's one of the best

Is—

*Chorus.* Who?

*Duke.* My future son-in-law.

[*Quick Curtain, followed by deafening calls for the Author.*]

#### Society in the Stalls and Boxes.

**E**LEVEN LARGE BOX STALLS, saddle-room, hay loft, fine dry yard, best pump water at the gate; erected by PATRICK O'SHEE for LORD CHARLES BENTINCK, and occupied by him and LORD GEORGE SCOTT . . . and other honourable gentlemen. For terms, apply, &c. *Clonmel Chronicle.*

*Q.* Give the French for "A Policeman's Beat." *A.* *Un tour de Force.*

#### FOLLOWING IT UP.

(Some entries in a diary.)

*Entry No. 1.* This war between Russia and Japan will involve tremendous consequences, and as an intelligent citizen I mean to study it carefully, making a *précis* of each day's reports. Have purchased three books on Russia, four on Japan, a *Handbook of the World's Navies*, a *Compendium of Military Statistics*, and a large map, with movable flags.

*Entry No. 2.* Getting on nicely. Have a grip of the whole situation, and could give either side some valuable advice. Men in the Club constantly ask me to explain situation, which I do with great skill. Continue to note up each day's events; probably shall write a book on the subject later on.

*Entry No. 3.* Matters becoming a trifle mixed. Very difficult to know where those little flags should be placed. War correspondents' telegrams less lucid than could be wished.

*Entry No. 4.* Have spent five hours this morning in trying to analyse the news. Attempt hopeless, so I shall set down from memory the whole of to-day's telegrams as they appear in my favourite journal. Having done so, I propose to give up for the present my study of the war, and to wait until something really happens.

Nankipoo, Aug. 25.

The Russian cruiser *Kotchinwisky* has arrived here.

11.25 P.M.

As no Russian ship has reached this port within the last fortnight, it is concluded

here that the Tammisskoff squadron has sailed for Pingpongipo.

Tum, Aug. 25.

The *Kotchinwisky* has anchored here. A Chinese refugee reports that 50,549 Japanese were killed yesterday. The position of Fitch-foo is considered precarious.

Cha-chong-chang, Aug. 25.

Nothing is more characteristic of the Japanese than their manner of making tea. For this purpose they use the dried leaves of the herb, infusing them in a suitable quantity of water. Yesterday I was fortunate enough to witness the whole process. The water is placed in a metal utensil, beneath which a fire is kindled. After a few minutes the temperature of the water begins to rise, and when at length it boils . . . (I omit

the remainder of this account, which fills a column-and-a-half.)

*Papipoo, Aug. 25.*

The 19th, 42nd, and 151st Regiments have arrived here.

*Yang-yang-yang, Aug. 25.*

The Russian cruiser *Kotchiwisky* was sunk in the engagements of May 21. Heavy rain is falling to-day. The price of corn has advanced one yen. General BOTANKI is expected shortly.

*Quenki-pong, Aug. 25.*

It is warmer here to-day. The rumour that 17,121 Russian troops have been captured at Arbi-hang is untrue, and is officially confirmed. A large force is advancing north-east.

#### ALIVE O!

THE Chinese Admiral TING, it was long ago reported, committed suicide after his defeat by the Japanese at Wei-hai-wei. He is now, *on dit*, a military mandarin at Kwang-si. The question that will occur to those of us who remember the lay of "Poor Cock Robin" is, "Who saw him die?" and query with answer may be formulated thus:—

"Who saw him die?"  
"I," says the writer, "with my big eye, I saw him die! At Wei-hai-Wei."

There is so much "I" about this, that no wonder the report should turn out to be "all his I."

*Sergeant-Instructor.* When is the fixed sight used?

*Militiaman.* Against an attack of Cavalry or other Fanatics.

*City Friend (visiting in Scottish rural town).* And tell me, ANDREW, are you wi' the Wee Kerkers, or the United Frees?

*Andrew.* Man, I'm gi'en' up relegion a'thegither, an' j'inin' the Auld Kirk.

#### CHANCES MISSED AT CAMBRIDGE.

SOME of the papers unaccountably omitted or held over at the meeting of the British Association were the following:—

##### SECTION A.—CHEMISTRY.

"The Effect of Low Temperatures and Absolute Frosts on Theatrical Productions," by Professor DEWAR.

by Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, M.P.

"Pets and their Attendant Ladies," by the Countess of WARWICK.

"An Interview with Venus and Chloe, the New Gorillas at Regent's Park, with lantern slides," by Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE.

"Man viewed as a Worm," with lime-light explosions, by Madame SARAH GRAND.

##### SECTION D.—GEOGRAPHY.

"The Whereabouts of the DALAI LAMA," by proxy, for Col. YOUNGHUSBAND.

"Treasure-hunting and Sartorial Finds in Anglesey," by Professor MOSES ISAACS.

##### SECTION E.—ECONOMICS AND STATISTICS.

"A Comparison between Protests and Poppets as a Factor in International Disputes," by the President of the Association, the Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

"The Market-value of a Solatium," by Mr. ADOLF BECK.

"Doubles I have Doubled from," by Mr. G. R. SIMS.

##### SECTION F.—ENGINEERING.

"The Arts of Obstruction and Party Management," by Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P.

##### SECTION G.—ANTHROPOLOGY (LOCAL).

"Mixed Bathing," by the Senior Proctor.

"The Tobacco Question at Girton,"

by the Mistress, with Demonstrations by Students of the College.

**MASTERLY DEDUCTION.**—A report of a stone-throwing case in the *Totnes Times and Devon News* proves that the Totnes Borough Magistrates, at any rate, know what two and two make. The plaintiff, said the Bench at the close of the case, "had lost the sight of one eye, and if by any chance he should lose the sight of the other, he would be totally blind." Logic can go no farther.



*Young Masher (to rival).* "I SAY, OLD CHAP, I HEAR YOU'RE AN EXCELLENT RUNNER. IS THAT TRUE?"

*Rival (eagerly).* "RATHER!"

*Young Masher.* "WELL, THEN, RUN HOME!"

"The Constituent Elements of Eggs," by Professor DANIEL LENO.

##### SECTION B.—GEOLOGY.

"Street Excavations and Fossil Processes," by the Chairman of the London County Council.

"The Fauna of the Upper Old Red Cushion Deposits in the Third Class Carriages on the Underground Railway," by Professor T. MCKENNY HUGHES.

##### SECTION C.—ZOOLOGY.

"The Whole-Hogger and its Habitats,"



### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Devils* (METHUEN), Mr. J. CHARLES WALL tells mankind all that it is possible to know, more than it is desirable to believe, about a personality that since he masqueraded in the Garden of Eden has possessed keen and abiding interest. He cites ancient documents, visits various shrines, reads ancient books, and sums up his lore in a modern six-shilling volume. Reading it, my Baronite finds many lifelong misapprehensions removed. For example, Mr. WALL writes: "A mistake is frequently made in supposing that all who are represented with a circle round the head are saints." We have not a monopoly of the decoration. Upon occasion the Devil also wears the nimbus and trembles. Mr. WALL's delightfully prosaic manner of dealing with his sublime subject appears in two instances brief enough for citation. At the head of a list of illustrations is the line, "The Devil. From a photograph." Hastily turning to the page indicated, wondering whether it is a snapshot or not, we find that it turns out to be the photograph of a weird sculpture in Notre Dame, where the Devil, with a sly look on his face, is shown gazing forth on gay Paris. In a chapter on the Devil's place of family residence, Mr. WALL, after brief divagation, remarks: "But to return to Hell." There we must leave him.

Miss or Mrs. ALICE M. DIEHL is capable of inventing a fairly good plot, but her *Love and Liars* (JOHN LONG) affords pretty clear proof of her inability to make the best use of her own invention in the form of such a novel as for its success depends entirely on dramatic and descriptive writing. This authoress has a marvellous store of epithets, which she deals out with absolutely indiscriminate generosity. Her heroine, who is "as fair as her aunt was brune," can "hiss," on several occasions, as determinedly as an audience might possibly do were such a character represented on the stage by some ultra-melodramatic actress, if any such there be nowadays. Great things would be demanded of any *artiste* to whom might be entrusted the part of *Lucia Paston* in a dramatised version of this novel. She would have to "hiss between her teeth"; she must "pale to lividity" in answer to her "spasmodically panting" lover's "strange half-wild glance," and her eyes ought to "shine like stars" when she is speaking "in a repressed concentrated voice so unlike her own." The actor who might be cast for her lover would not have an easy time of it. He would have to learn how to "gaze around him with a sombre stare," he must appear with "a miserable face distorted by conflicting passions," and it would be his duty to practise "agonised emotion" and "hard, stifled sobs." What a triumph for the actor who should succeed in this delineation of character! The ninth chapter ends with the exclamation "What does it all mean?"—and this is just what the Baron makes so bold as to echo, since he himself can only, with considerable difficulty, make either head or tail of it, and can only trust that some of his more determined stalwart followers may be able to overcome all obstacles, and be rewarded for their perseverance.

My Nautical Retainer writes:—There can be no manner of question as to the remarkable qualities of Mr. J. C. SNAITH's new book, *Broke of Coevenden* (CONSTABLE). Readers who survive the preface—a somewhat tedious, if brilliant, *tour de force* in the Meredithian manner—will draw an exquisite delight from Mr. SNAITH's portraits of the *Broke* household, which are in the very best vein of high comedy. The stolid, pompous English gentleman, his half-dozen plain hunting daughters, and their sporting uncle, *Lord Bosket*—the last a veritable treasure—are drawn with astonishing felicity. *Mrs. Broke* is perhaps too complex for her class and environment; and *Lady Bosket*, like other people of her order who make democratic excursions into literature, ought certainly to have shed something of her antique caste prejudice. The

title of her most notorious volume, *Poses in the Opaque* (compare the names of those philanthropic schemes in which that versatile worldling, the *Honourable Mrs. Twyden-Cockshott*, takes an interest—the Cottage for Blind Mice, or the Fund for Providing Distressed Society Women with Tiaras), is an example of the author's fatal tendency to deviate into the improbabilities of mere farce.

For a writer with so strong a feeling for character, Mr. SNAITH is, at times, strangely inconsistent. Respectable county-town attorneys, such as *Brefit*, are not in the habit of amassing fortunes of half-a-million, or developing the worst features of the *nouveau riche*: they do not suddenly, on retiring from business, adopt the practice of dropping their aspirates, having given no previous sign of this foible. The intellectual expansion of *Delia*, youngest of the *Broke* girls, is no less incredible, and the author's judgment was clearly at fault in his choice of a suitable hero to assault the Coevenden conventions and set free the inarticulate soul of this seventeen-year-old. To produce the desired contrast he should have been a gentleman by right of nature and education, and not the insufferable prig that he is painted.

Mr. SNAITH enjoys a great fertility of language, but he needs to keep down the undergrowth of his eloquence. He is justifiably sure of himself within the range of his actual observation, but he is apt to extend that assurance beyond the present limits of experience. He has the gift of humour; and when he acquires that quality on its negative as well as its positive side he will become as keen a critic of himself as he already is of other and older institutions—Mr. *Punch*, for example. His little gratuitous sneer at that venerable sage may be easily excused as a pardonable ebullition of youth. To be young is, after all, the most amenable of faults, and meantime, while it undergoes correction, Mr. SNAITH has the right stuff in him, and shows promise of better still.

Opportunely, when Japan looms larger than its own circumference in the world's eye, Mr. REGINALD FARRER brings out a charming record of a visit to what he calls *The Garden of Asia* (METHUEN). The literary work is a little marred by a certain "Haw-haw!" tone, an attitude of "I have been to Japan and you haven't; or if you have, owing to your native ignorance and uncultured taste you were taken in by the native dealers, whereas they prostrated themselves before me, noisily sipping their breath with delight at coming in contact with A Man Who Knows." This, irritating at first, becomes in time amusing, and does not, at worst, detract from the merits of keen observation, sub-acid humour, poetical fancy, and picturesque writing, that mark the book. Mr. FARRER avoids the strong meat of political disquisition or commercial inquiry. Japan is a delight to him, and the reader shares the pleasure. Of the Japanese as a nation he writes: "Nature, while denying them the possibility of invention, has endowed them with the capacity of endlessly improving and adapting each art of other countries on which they have laid their hands." The first assertion is perhaps a little sweeping. The second is incontrovertible. When, twenty years ago, my Baronite so-journed in Japan, he found German officers drilling the Army, British ship-builders equipping the Navy, and Admiral (then Commander) DOUGLAS Director of the Imperial Naval College. To-day the German EMPEROR lectures his Generals on Japanese tactics in the field, and the crews of British men-of-war are about to be manœuvred on the lines of the Japanese landing on an enemy's shore.

